

## The News-Scimitar

PUBLISHED BY THE MEMPHIS NEWS-SCIMITAR COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice at Memphis, Tenn., Under the Act of March 2, 1879.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By carrier, 15c per week. By mail, postage paid, 1 month, 40c; 2 months, 75c; 3 months, \$1.00; 6 months, \$2.00; 12 months, \$4.00.

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### A DARING ADVENTURE

The young aviators who are attempting to fly across the Atlantic are essaying a dangerous adventure, and while the world hopes that they will be successful, the result will be awaited with much trepidation. Everything possible has been done to insure their safety, but it seems that the actual test reveals defects in the machinery that cannot be provided against. Air travel has long been a dream. When Daedalus and his son had completed the Labyrinth in Crete, they fashioned for themselves wings with which to fly home. These were held together with wax, and young Icarus, being the more daring, flew so high that he approached too near the sun, which melted the wax and dropped him into the sea. Daedalus reached home in safety. This mythological feat has been the hope and dream of many for centuries, and at present it seems in a fair way of being realized. The hydroairplane travels faster than a wild duck, and, like the duck, it is aquatic, and can skim over the water when forced to come down. It is considered a great triumph of science, this proposed trans-Atlantic flight. It annihilates time and distance, and make the ocean narrower—a mere pond. It gratifies the modern craving for haste. The man who is here wants to be there, and the man who is there wants to be here, and no time must be lost in making the change. There can be no doubt about the new method of travel. If every plane should follow Icarus into the sea others would be found to establish this mode of travel. It is one of the feats of the present that must be accomplished. Vessels have been stationed along the route of travel to furnish aid in case it is necessary.

When air travel becomes safe there will be much of it, and its most attractive feature will be that an American in Europe can get home in a short time, and without sea sickness. Rules for navigating the air must be prescribed, just as for sea navigation, but these will come in due time.

Whether America or England makes the first trip is a small matter, although one that stirs the national pride of both countries. Without knowing very much about it, our six-bits goes on the Americas.

### ANGLO-SAXON PEACE

The News-Scimitar's correspondent, Mr. Frank H. Simonds, describes the treaty submitted to the Germans as an Anglo-Saxon peace, the product of the fusion of American power and British brains.

The fault Mr. Simonds finds with the document, we confess, has no terrors for us.

There must be some virtue in the terms or else France, Belgium and Italy would not complain of not getting all they deserve, and Germany would not wail and whimper because the terms are too severe.

The Germans contend that the terms are "a dictated peace of cruel severity." We have never quite understood the psychology of the German mind. In victory the German is austere, uncompromising, vindictive and cruel. Ordinarily this would indicate that he would be prepared to take his medicine in the same proportion that he administers it.

But the German presents an altogether different spectacle. The people of the country made famous by its goosestep are wobbling on trembling and uncertain legs, and protesting that they are unable to do one-half of what they proposed to do to their adversaries.

It does not lie with the Germans to protest against anything. There was time when protests to the Germans availed nothing. They turned deaf ears to every supplication for mercy made by defenseless women and children, and old and helpless noncombatants. Lacking the ordinary instincts of humanity, the Germans are appealing to the sympathies of those they outraged to save them from the application of a just and a righteous punishment.

One reason for approving the "Anglo-Saxon peace" is that it is based upon justice, and without vindictiveness; that instead of exterminating the German nation it is preserved for the especial purpose of making amends as far as humanly possible for the suffering it has brought upon the world.

### RETRIBUTION

When the great German, Friedrich von Logan, wrote "Though the mills of God grind slowly, they grind exceedingly small," his message was unheeded by his countrymen. It fell on deaf ears. At last, after 250 years, it is making itself heard, which shows the indestructibility of truth and its insistence on being recognized. After nearly 50 years the people of Alsace-Lorraine are coming into their own. The mills of God have been grinding all these years, and the rapacity of the Germans, that glutted itself in 1871, has been ground into fine dust. These territories are not only safely back in France, and a part of the patrie, but they are additionally guarded by the fact that the Germans cannot approach the Rhine beyond a fifty-mile limit. At fifty miles they can do no damage, in spite of their seventy-five-mile guns, which will or should be taken from them. Alsace-Lorraine and brave little Luxembourg are all ransomned, and will be permitted to live their own lives in their own way.

As with individuals so with nations. Error, wrong and injustice, no matter how they may flourish and triumph for a season, are sure to be ground into dust by the mills of God, which never halt nor rest nor cease grinding until retributive justice is done. As that great lawyer, Jere Black, once said: "Justice treads with leaden heel, but strikes with iron hand." The Germans are learning these truths to their infinite sorrow and humiliation.

In spite of the petulant spirit of Premier Orlando, and the threats made when the delegation left Paris for Rome, it is as evident as anything that Italy has won a diplomatic victory as a result of the disposition of the Fiume issue. As finally decided Fiume is to be under the control of the league of nations for a period of three years, and at the end of that time Italy will have possession of the city that by right belongs to it.

Germany's bill for \$2,100,000,000 against the allies for deaths caused from malnutrition indicates the possibility of biting off more than one can chew.

It would be a great convenience if the city would pass an ordinance requiring automobile drivers to furnish the press with a casualty list each day.

## Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'—By Briggs

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### AMUSEMENTS

#### Orpheum.

It appeared as if the performers on the current bill at the Orpheum, which began Monday night for the first time of the week, endeavored to regale their audiences with every variety of vaudeville specialty extant. In fact, so much was presented by the various acts that one felt as though he had seen a miniature circus.

To begin with, All Sparks and company presented a fanciful bit of mimicry which will appeal most favorably to the youngsters. He has entitled his act "Kat Krane," and it has to do with the supposed antics of the cat kingdom.

Andrus and George, who, under this appellation, would appear to be two male performers, are very much feminine in fact, one of them romps through her act clad in a pair of baby blue pajamas. The story unfolded, supposed to be a tale of two stranded actresses who are seeking work, but who find it elusive when, as does the

slippery eel. But after considerable nonsense they come to the end of their rainbow and find at least temporary relief.

Jessie and Dollie Millar, musicians and entertainers of a broad variety, spread harmony and grace dances before their auditors in gleeful abundance. In fact, one of the Millar sisters is a cornetist of more than ordinary ability and the South Sea Island dances of the other sister are equally pleasing.

Parish and Peru, who are versatile beyond a doubt, lack only a certain finish to make them big timers. The film attraction is Marguerite Marsh in "Conquered Hearts," a story which will be found entirely satisfying.

#### Loew's Lyceum.

Marcus Loew's vaudeville offering, comprising five acts, which is the attraction at Loew's Lyceum for the first half of the week, is attracting favorable comment on all sides and is pleasing capacity audiences at every performance. The bill is headed by the Chalifone sisters, two versatile young women who are presenting a dancing act, handsomely staged and costumed. Lud-

ler, Stein and Phillips in harmonies are another popular favorite and Saxton and Farrell in a comedy, "The Troubles of an Actress," are creating mirth at every performance. Ryan and Moore in bits of songs and a pianologue of pleasing type, and O. K. Logan, a silent pantomime, complete the bill. Marguerite Clark in "Let's Elope," a comedy drama, is the film star. Loew's News Weekly is added.

**PADUCAH BOOSTS LOAN WAY OVER HIGH TOP**

PADUCAH, Ky., May 13. (Sp.)—McCracken county's quota for the Victory Liberty loan was \$227,450. McCracken county's subscriptions reached \$247,450. Except for \$45,600 the bonds were subscribed by the city of Paducah. It is possible, however, that two county precincts which are yet to report, will bring up the figures \$2,000 or more. To the Boy Scouts went the credit for sales amounting to \$211,250. The individual subscriptions were topped by John W. Keller, who bought \$30,000 worth of bonds of the fifth issue.

### UNION CITY SCHOOLS HOLD COMMENCEMENT

UNION CITY, Tenn., May 13. (Sp.)—The commencement ceremony for the city public schools was delivered at the Cumberland Presbyterian church in this city Sunday night by Rev. A. C. Bell, of Jackson, Tenn.

Monday night the seniors have an entertainment in the senior hall. Tuesday night the junior or grammar school entertainment will be given and Wednesday night the junior high school graduation exercises will be held at the Christian church and an address will be delivered by T. O. Morris. Thursday night the senior class will be addressed by Dr. Edwin Mills, of Vanderbilt university.

### FLIGHT START PREVENTED

DALLAS, Tex., May 13.—Unfavorable flying conditions today prevented seven local field airplanes starting on a flight to Boston in interest of the army recruiting campaign. It was hoped the start could be made early Wednesday.



## His Majesty the Scarecrow

By L. Frank Baum

(Copyrighted by L. Frank Baum for the George Matthews Adams Service.)

I suppose every reader of this story knows what a scarecrow is, but Jack Pumpkinhead, never having seen a creation, was more surprised at meeting the remarkable King of the Emerald City than by any other one experience of his brief life.

His Majesty the Scarecrow was dressed in a suit of faded blue clothes, and his head was merely a small sack stuffed with straw, upon which eyes, ears, a nose and a mouth had been rudely painted to represent a face. The clothes were also stuffed with straw, and that so unevenly or carelessly that the Scarecrow's legs and arms seemed more bumpy than was necessary. Upon his hands were gloves with long fingers, and these were padded with wads of straw stuck out from the monarch's coat and also from his neck and boot-tops. Upon his head he wore a heavy golden crown thick with sparkling jewels, and the weight of this crown caused his brow to sag in wrinkles, giving a thoughtful expression to his painted face. Indeed, the crown alone betokened majesty; in all else the Scarecrow king was but a simple scarecrow—flimsy, awkward and unsubstantial.

But if the strange appearance of His Majesty the Scarecrow seemed startling to Jack, no less wonderful was the form of the Pumpkinhead to the Scarecrow. The purple trousers and pink waistcoat and red shirt hung loosely over the wooden joints that had manufactured, and the face on the pumpkin grinned perpetually, as if its wearer considered life the jolliest thing imaginable.

At first, indeed, His Majesty thought his queer visitor was laughing at him and was inclined to resent the liberty; but it was not without reason that the Scarecrow had attained the reputation of being the wisest person in the Land of Oz. He made a more careful examination of his visitor and soon discovered that Jack's features were carved into a smile and that he could not look grave if he wished to.

"The King was the first to speak. After regarding Jack for some minutes he said, in a tone of wonder: 'Where on earth do you come from, and how do you happen to be alive?'"

"I beg Your Majesty's pardon," returned the Pumpkinhead, "but I do not understand you."

"What don't you understand?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Why, I don't understand your language. You see, I came from the Country of the Gillikins, so that I am a foreigner."

"Ah, to be sure!" exclaimed the Scarecrow. "I myself speak the language of the Munchkins, which is the language of the Emerald City. But you, I suppose, speak the language of the Gillikins?"

"Exactly so, Your Majesty," replied the other, bowing, "so it will be impossible for us to understand one another."

"That is unfortunate, certainly," said the Scarecrow, thoughtfully. "We must have an interpreter."

"What is an interpreter?" asked Jack.

"Won't you take a chair while we are waiting?"

"Your Majesty forgets that I can not understand your language," said the Pumpkinhead. "If you wish me to sit down you must make a sign for me to do so."

The Scarecrow came down from his position behind the Pumpkinhead. He gave Jack a sudden push that sent him sprawling upon the cushions in so awkward a fashion that he doubled up like a jack knife and had hard work to untangle himself.

"Did you understand that sign?" asked His Majesty, politely.

"Perfectly," declared Jack, reaching up his arms to turn his head to the front, the pumpkin having twisted around upon the stick that supported it.

"You seem hastily made," remarked the Scarecrow, watching Jack's efforts to straighten himself.

"Not more so than Your Majesty," said the Scarecrow, "that whereas I bend, but not break, you will break, but not bend."

Leading a young girl by the hand, she seemed very sweet and modest, having a pretty face and beautiful green eyes and hair. A dainty green silk dress reached to her knees, showing silk stockings, embroidered with pea pods, and green satin slippers with bunches of lettuce for decorations instead of bows or buckles. Upon her silken waist

clover leaves were embroidered, and she wore a jaunty little hat trimmed with sparkling emeralds of a uniform size.

"Why, it's little Jellia Jamb!" exclaimed the Scarecrow, as the green maiden bowed her pretty head before him. "Do you understand the language of the Gillikins, my dear?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," she answered. "For I was born in the North Country."

"Then you shall be our interpreter," said the Scarecrow, and explain to this Pumpkinhead all that I say, and also explain to me all that he says. Is this arrangement satisfactory?" he asked, turning toward his guest.

"Very satisfactory indeed," was the reply.

"Then ask him, to begin with," remarked the Pumpkinhead.

"What a fine thing it is to understand two different languages," he said, with a perplexed look. "Ask him, my dear, if he has any objection to being put in jail for insulting the ruler of the Emerald City!"

"You didn't insult your?" protested Jack, indignantly.

"Tut-tut!" cautioned the Scarecrow; "wait until Jellia translates my speech. What have we got an interpreter for, if you break out in this rash way?"

"All right, I'll wait," replied the Pumpkinhead, in a surly tone—although his face smiled as genially as ever. "Translate the speech, young woman."

"His Majesty inquires if you are hungry," said Jellia.

"No, not at all," answered Jack, more pleasantly. "For it is impossible for me to eat."

"It's the same way with me," remarked the Scarecrow. "What did he say, Jellia, my dear?"

"He asked me if you were aware that one of your eyes is painted larger than the other," said the girl, mischievously.

"Don't you believe her, Your Majesty," said Jack, "for she is a malicious girl."

"Oh, I don't," answered the Scarecrow, calmly. Then, casting a sharp look at the girl, he asked:

"Are you quite certain you understand the languages of both the Gillikins and the Munchkins?"

### LAST BEETHOVEN CONCERT PLEASES

Fitzizi and Segurolo Make Good All That Had Been Promised of Them

BY GEORGE WILLIAMSON.

Anna Fitzizi and Andres de Segurolo, as the final concert offering of the Beethoven club for the season of 1918-19, delighted a large and representative audience at the New Lyric theater Monday evening. Their program was well chosen and both artists measured up fully to expectations, meriting the liberal and enthusiastic approval of their auditors. The only mar to the pleasure of the evening was the apparently unnecessary wait of something over half an hour between the first and second parts of the program, which, however, was amply made up for by the excellence of the latter half of the program, which was the presentation of the musical sketch, "Grandma Was Right," tended to smooth the feelings of any who had been ruffled by the wait.

Naturally the object of keenest interest was Miss Fitzizi, about whom so much has been said and written for she has won for herself a lofty position in the operatic world, having been for the past few years one of the brightest luminaries in the galaxy of stars in the Chicago Opera company. She has been heralded as one of the beauties of the stage, and her auditions have been the subject of uncounted columns. Her appearance here in giving as encore the beautiful "Mme. Butterfly" number, in her second group she won fresh plaudits with some number sung in English, displaying excellent articulation and finish. As Mme. de Montville in the sketch she was the charming character that before she was manifestly more at home in costume. It was easy to see why she has won such a prominent position in opera and has added such luster to some of the roles she has sung.

Segurolo and his rich and melodious baritone voice, which he has used to great advantage in the past, was heard in the second group that he really aroused much appreciation; the old English selection, "I Will Give You the Keys of Heaven," starting it, while the Scarecrow number, "Clavellina," by Valverde, proved wonderfully pleasing. Into this he put more fire and life than any he has ever given, and he graciously added an encore of a pretty thing, "Daddy Little Boy." As the marquis in the musical playlet he proved very satisfying. Emil J. Polak proved very acceptable.

"It was all my fault, Your Majesty," said Jack, looking rather foolish. "I thought we must surely speak different languages, since we came from different countries."

"That should be a warning to you never to think," returned the Scarecrow, severely. "For unless one can think wisely it is better to remain a dummy—which you most certainly are."

"To be sure," said Jack, without in the least comprehending.

"It seems to me," continued the Scarecrow, more mildly, "that your manufacture implies some good pies to create an indifferent man."

"I assure Your Majesty that I did not mean to be created," answered Jack. "Ah! It was the same in my case," said the King, pleasantly. "And so we differ from all ordinary people, let us become friends."

"With all my heart," exclaimed Jack. "What! Have you a heart?" asked the Scarecrow, surprised.

"No; that was only imagination—I might say, a figure of speech," said the Scarecrow.

"Well, your most prominent figure seems to be a figure of wood; so I must beg you to restrain an imagination which, having no brains, you have no right to exercise," suggested the Scarecrow, warningly.

"To be sure," said Jack, without in the least comprehending.

His Majesty then dismissed Jellia Jamb and the Soldier with the Green Whiskers, and when they were gone he took his new friend by the arm and led him into the courtyard to play a game of quoits.

Next Story—"Gen. Jinjur's Army of Revolt," in which Tip meets a girl who is general of an army of girls who plan to conquer the Emerald City in order that women shall rule it. Tip hopes the general will be able to take the city, for then he will see Jack Pumpkinhead and the Saw-Horse once more. Do the girls and he get through the gates? But wait and see. The next story tells.

## On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton

SOME TIME THIS JULY.

"Yain't looking very fit this mornin', Jones." "Don't feel it, either." "What happened?" "Oh, I was out with the boys last night, and got mixin' 'em up. Must have had 20 English mustards, a dozen horse-radishes, a lot of Worcestershires and a couple of tabascos."

There is a dear old lady uptown who says she never expected to live to see the end of the war, but now she is hoping to be spared to see the beginning of the next one.

Col. Bill Doyle, commenting upon the correct English of the Bostonians, says he knew once who always recited the quotation as follows: "Whom the gods would destroy, the first make angry."

Horace Fletcher left money to be used for prizes for slow eating. Cannot somebody do something to promote noiseless eating?

Washington man has sued to recover \$2,500 worth of whisky. A wag remarks somebody must have stolen his pocket flask.

We love "The Little Fly Upon the Wall." We think it is one of the greatest poems of the ages, in all its variations, but for about a week our mail has been so full of little flies upon the wall, written in every conceivable form from John Milton to Walt Mason, that we have had to hold up our hands and cry "Kamerad." Twenty-nine different versions of the poem arrived in today's morning mail, and while we love these contributions and are interested in all of them, this column is only a column long and so far as little flies upon the wall are concerned, in the future it will be our painful duty to swat them. Only two subjects barred—prohibition and flies.

An advertiser informs us that up-to-the-minute stockings have clocks on them.

This is the season, notes Mrs. Homer Hoch, when the small boy is busy greasing up his father's lawn mower in the hopes of getting a job cutting the neighbor's grass.

A scientist says the fewer garments people wear the longer they will live. If that is the case they will have to shoot Annette on Judgment day.

An Indian squaw in Washington state sues for divorce because her husband is too lazy to support her. In the good old days before civilization struck in nobody would have expected him to.

"This Building Will Be Located by Cohen Bros. May 1,"—Signed by Emil Newman.

There are days when a column writer feels about as necessary as a whistle in a cemetery. One of these days comes when a contributor writes in: "For the love Mike, print something new," and includes a joke taken from Tit-Bits which has already been published three times in the Boston Transcript.

The Pasha boys, Enver and Tewfik, seem to have dropped out of sight in Turkey; and, by the way, what has become of Turkey itself?

Headline says: "Three-Ton Cheese Comes to the City."

**NEW HARDWARE COMPANY**  
WINONA, Minn., May 13. (Sp.)—The Shelton Hardware company is the latest acquisition in the business world of the city. The new company is under the management of Mr. Shelton, who now has two hardware firms in one of the best hardware markets in the state.

### THEATERS.

#### DEWEY'S LYCEUM

Continuous 1 to 11 p.m.

The Picture de Luxe at 2, 4:15, 7:45 and 10. Vaudev. at 3:15, 6:45 and 9:15.

**5 BIG FEATURE 5 ACTS**

Headed by the CHALFONTE SISTERS in a Descriptive Diversion of Delightful and Spectacular Dance Doings.

Hudler-Stein & Phillips Tenor-Baritone-Bass. Some Harmony Boys.

**3 OTHER FEATURE ACTS**

MARGUERITE CLARK in "LET'S ELOPE." See the Little Tease. She's So Sweet and Cute.

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